selfe, well the Gods are aboue, time must friend or end well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*.

Cres. Excuse me. *Pand.* He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pand. Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me another tale when th'others come too't, *Hector* shall not haue his will this yeare.

Cres. He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Pand. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter. *Pand.* Nor his beautie.

Cres. Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan: You haue no iudgement neece; *Hellen* her selfe swore th'other day that *Troylus* for a browne fauour (*for so tis I must confesse*) not browne neither.

Cres. No, but browne.

Pand. Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pand. She praisd his complexion aboue *Paris*.

Cres. Why *Paris* hath colour inough. *Pand.* So he has.

Cres. Then *Troylus* should haue too much, if shee praizd him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, hee hauing colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Helens* golden tongue had commended *Troylus* for a copper nose.

Pand. I sweare to you I thinke *Helen* loues him better then (*Paris.*

Cres. Then shees a merry greeke indeed.

Pand. Nay I am sure she dooes, she came to him th'other day into the compast window, and you know hee has not past three or foure haires on his chinne.

Cres. Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring his particulars therein to a totall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound lifte as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cres. Is he so yong a man, and so old a lifter?

Pand. But to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues him, shee came and puts mee her white hand to his clouen chin.

Cres. *Iuno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?

Pand

Pan. Why, you know tis dimpled,
I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia. *Cres.* Oh he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Dooes hee not?

Cres. Oh yes, and twere a clowd in *Autumne*.

Pan. Why go to then, but to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues *Troylus*.

Cres. *Troylus* wil stand to thee proofe if youle prooue it so.

Pan. *Troylus*, why hee esteemes her no more then I esteeme an addle egge:

Cres. If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head you would eate chickens ith shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she ticled his chin, indeed shee has a marvel's white hand I must needs confesse.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And shee takes vpon her to spie a white heare on his chinne.

Cres. Alas poore chin many a wart is ritcher.

Pan. But there was such laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

Cres. With milstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cres. At what was all this laughing.

Pan. Marry at the white heare that *Hellen* spied on *Troylus* chin.

Cres. And t'had beene a greene heare I should haue laught too.

Pan. They laught not so much at the heare as at his pretty answere.

Cres. What was his answere?

Pan. Quoth shee heere's but two and fifty heires on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. Thats true, make no question of that, two and fiftie